CANADA FIRST
AND OTHER POEMS

By

JAMES A. ROSS

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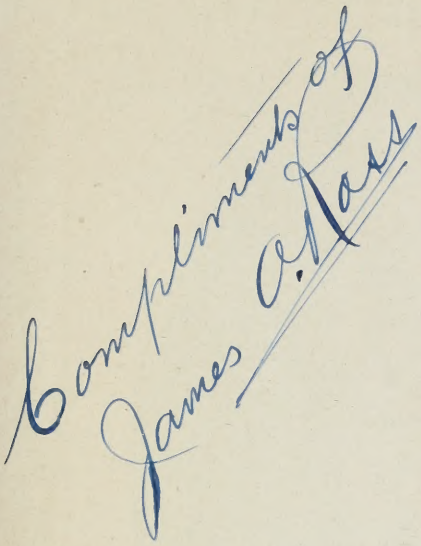
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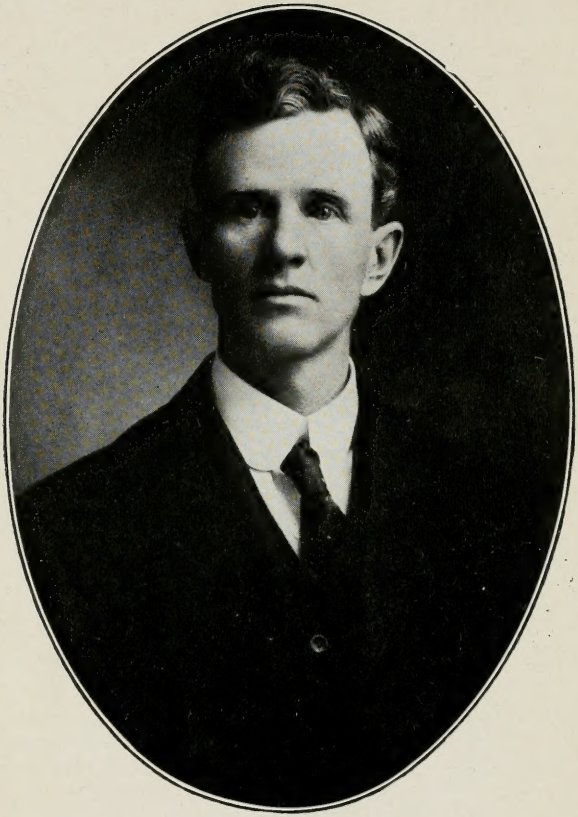

JAMES A. ROSS

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and Other Poems

By

James A. Ross

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FOREWORD

The little lines I here indite,
Are not what I would have them be;
They may be wrong, they may be right,
Or crude to those who sharply see;
But if a single line herein,
Or jumble taken as a whole,
Will please a child, or soothe within
The weary heart of any soul—
I shall be paid a thousand times
For these poor homely little rhymes.

—James A. Ross.

Wellandport, Ontario, 1920.

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CANADA FIRST

CANADA FIRST! May the men of the nation,
Progeny great of two peoples of old,
Find such a motto of true inspiration
Stamped on their hearts with the brightness of gold.

Canada first! Let all of the nations
Know that her people shall ever be free!
Canada first! Let men of all stations
Shout it with gladness and sing it with glee.

Canada first! May her people pursuing,
Principles honest, upright and true,
Find a kind Providence justly renewing
Blessings that fall like the nourishing dew!

Canada first! May the halls of her learning
Stand in the van as ever before:
True to the minds of her youth that are yearning
To pass through instruction's promising door!

Canada first! May her provinces flourish,
From ocean to ocean so fertile they lie!
May the pride of their country in patriot nourish
A spirit of freedom—for freedom to die!

Canada first! O, star of prosperity,
Shed your bright beams on her cities so fair!
Canada first! O, may her posterity
Rule o'er a nation as free as the air!

Canada first! May her ships of the ocean
Journey with safety all over the world,
Manned by their crews of loyal devotion,
Float the gay colors of commerce unfurled!

Canada first! May the nations respect her,
Daughter of great mother over the sea!
Canada first! May Heaven protect her,
And crown her with peace and sweet liberty!

SHALL CANADA FORGET?

SHALL WE FORGET the little wooden crosses over there?
The sacred little memories that shadow in the sun,
That stand amid the poppies,—that are rising everywhere
On plain, plateau, and hillock—where the silver streamlets run;
If one but be forgotten then a nation will regret,
Shall Canada forget?

Shall we forget the noble lives these crosses represent?
The sighs and tears they took with them across the crystal sea;
From shop and farm and factory, from many homes they went
To win for mankind—Freedom, and for Empire—Victory,
And as they proudly marched away my mind's eye sees them yet,
Shall Canada forget?

Shall we forget the righteous cause these sons were fighting for,
The old traditions of the race that never knows defeat;
Or shall we act as traitors when the foe is at the door,
And like a craven army, beat a perilous retreat?

Their life-blood buys our Liberty—the fields of strife
are wet,
Shall Canada forget?

Oh, little wooden crosses! Let us worship at your
shrine,
We never shall forget the men who bravely sleep be-
neath,
For they are now the roadmarks that point onward to
the Rhine,
And other sons when passing by shall crown them with
a wreath
Of love from dear old Canada, in truest heart-throbs
set,
Shall Canada forget?

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

HARK to the trumpet's call!
The music of the fife!
Brave Wolfe has scaled the wall,
For desperate strife.

. . . . .

September's sun rose o'er the eastern hill,
Fading the morning star that hung on high,
Rubies and diamonds casting to the rill,
And shooting crimson arrows through the sky;
O Autumn's fairest month! and as before,
This morn St. Lawrence sweeps along with glee,
A rush, a glide, on through the open door,
To meet and marry her, the bounding sea.

Upon its banks a leaf falls now and then,
And squirrels chirp and play from tree to tree,
So purely peaceful is the scene, that when
The eye surveys, all nature seems to be
As sleeping. Ah! who did ever dream,
When all was peace, that under shade of night
The British, ere the morn, with starry gleam
To pilot them, would scale Quebec's proud height?

The boats dropt down the stream, and all was still,
Save Wolfe's low voice, repeating much the while
Gray's Elegy: and soon, with sterner will,
He leaped ashore, and every rank in file

Stood ready for ascent. McDonald's men,
Already at the cliff, and scrambling there,
Guided by stars, were half way up, and then—
"Qui vive!" rang out upon the midnight air.

"La France!" the answer floated o'er the height,
And Montcalm's guard, deceived by what he learned,
Pursued his round, unnerved by any sight
That might have met his gaze had he returned;
For soon five hundred men had reached the crest
Of that steep cliff, and these to guard the way,
Welcomed four thousand strong, so closely pressed
Around about them ere the dawn of day.

Ah, yes! when morning broke that grand array
Stood firmly formed in battle line upon
The plains of Abraham: and growing day
Would see the flags unfurl'd, the bright sword drawn,
To do or die for Canada! and on
Brave Wolfe would lead the British force, nor stay
Until the last proud son of France was gone
From off the field, or wounded warrior lay!

O, Brave and gallant leader of the French—
Mighty Montcalm! dreaming, as still in doubt,
That on that plain, beyond yon natural trench,
The British lay, now hears the warning shout—
"To arms! To arms! The plain—the western waste
Is held by British men!" And all around
Was cry, and beat of drums, and fiery haste,
And forming squadrons trampling on the ground;

The French in battle line were soon arrayed,
And on they came like whirlwind rushing wild;
Incessant volleys seem to break and wade
Through British ranks; but calm they stood, and mild,
As Wolfe, though wounded, hurried to and fro
Exhorting them to steadiness: and not
A company stirred, but faces toward the foe,
Waiting command, stood rooted to the spot.

On came the French, and ever pressing nigher,
Within some forty yards of British foe,
At last rang out Wolfe's fearless voice—"Fire! Fire!"
And like the lightning's flash, a levelled row
Of British muskets poured the fatal storm,
That tore and broke its way through human wall;
O, awful volley! turn thy thundering form
And see the pressing columns shake and fall!

All is already lost, but not dismayed,
The gallant Frenchmen rally to the fore;
And urged by thought of vengeance to be paid
Present a front to British men once more.
"Advance, Advance!" came General Wolfe's command,
And every column answered to the call,
With deadly volleys: while the armed band
Shouted with glee to see the Frenchmen fall.

At last the British fired with ardent zeal,
Broke through restraint; and rushed with fearful force
Against the foe; supping the cup of weal

When dying Frenchmen floored their fiery course.
On! On! they rush through purple pools of blood
Shivered by groans, and bridged with human clay;
Till with a last attack, like rushing flood
Of waters wild, they swept the foe away.

Montcalm, the gallant general of the French,
Fell wounded as his noble force gave way;
And Death alone it seemed was left to quench
His thirst for glorious victory that day.
Yet death was kind, for even to the last
His gallant breast was filled with princely pride,
That uttered joy at life departing fast.
And ere Quebec surrendered Montcalm died.

Who can express the sorrow and despair,
That crept in British hearts, when it was known
How brave and fearless Wolfe lay dying there?
The brightness of the victory was flown.
And every heart was tingling with remorse,
When Wolfe, with stifled groan, and smothered sigh
Gave his last order to the British force,
Then said: "O God be praised! I happy die."

Thus was the destiny of this fair land
Entrusted to the care of Saxon race.
O may the memory of that dauntless band,
That nailed the Union Jack above the place
Where once the fleur-de-lis did proudly wave,
Forever live in patriot hearts, and glow
With freedom's flame, ready to guard and save
Our country from the grasp of foreign foe.

SONS OF LIBERTY

THERE's a thought that comes as a star sublime,
Which blazons forth at night,
And wafts my soul to a blood-stained clime,
Where Good and Evil fight;
On the crimson fields of France I see
The unbeaten Sons of Liberty.

There's a pride which makes my spirit glow,
When I dream of the men we breed
In Canada, who fear no foe,
Humanity their creed;
On the fields of fame across the sea,
The unbeaten Sons of Liberty.

There's joy which steals into my heart
When I picture the days to come,
When the God of War must needs depart
With the curse of the martial drum;
And Peace will come to the ever free,
The unbeaten Sons of Liberty.

There's a sadness deep when I think of the loss
To stem the murderous tide,
But the Saviour hung on the cruel cross
Or all the world had died;
Though the fallen sleep they will ever be
The unbeaten Sons of Liberty.

TWO MEN

Out in the trench he stands a man,
  His back against the wall,
Serving his flag as best he can,
  Ready to fight and fall,
Rough was the life of poverty, strife—
  A pauper has answered the call.

Close by his side I see there stand,
  Stately and proud and tall,
A rifle clenched in his blue-veined hand,
  Stoic, whatever befall;
Great was the fame of his honored name—
  A Prince has answered the call.

Pauper and prince stood side by side,
  Courageously staked their all,
For King and Country both have died,
  And sleep beneath one pall;
Great spirits, rest, of heroes blest—
  Two men have answered the call.

ALIVE TO DUTY—FOR EMPIRE ASLEEP

JUST twenty years ago to-night,
As the sun sank in the West,
I rocked my baby boy to sleep
With his head against my breast;
His bright blue eyes and golden hair
Were a picture of delight,
I worshipped him throughout the day,
And dreamed of him at night.

I watched him grow from year to year,
To manhood's sturdy state,
And ofttimes tried to pierce the veil
To view his future fate;
My life with his was all entwined,
Great hopes were wrapped in him,
And visions of a mighty man
Seemed never to grow dim.

Then loomed abroad the black war-cloud,
Men's blood was set on fire,
The battlefields of Europe called,
The war-tide ran still higher;
The man of mine could not refuse
The call of Duty sent,
For Maple Leaf, and Union Jack,
And Mother-love he went.

My only son, a soldier brave—
He fought the trenches through;
He rose from rank to rank, and led
His gallant comrades true;
A prized Victoria Cross he wore,
The day his work was done,
And now he sleeps across the seas,
But just the same—my son.

He was my gift to Empire dear,
His work I helped along;
And work like his is surest work
To make the Empire strong;
My heart is sad, but my heart is proud
Of the manly man I bore,
And he sings, "I'll wait at the pearly gate
For the mother I adore."

BRITAIN

MOTHER of Nations! Hail to thee,
Defender of the weaker state,
Thy clustered Isles within the sea
Are stars that would-be conquerors hate.

Spirit of Drake and Nelson, greet
Our seamen with their flags unfurled,
And permeate the mighty fleet
That holds the freedom of the world.

Strain of the Iron Duke still lives,
The sea-girt homes yet breed the men
Who value all that freedom gives,
And die to save the world again.

Glorious thy past, long years have fled
Since thou became a mighty power,
But now thy stars of splendor shed
Their rays to light the darksome hour.

At the King's call, wherever found,
The men that name thee Motherland
Are scurrying to the fighting ground
To clasp and strengthen thy strong hand.

The Lion roars, and when he calls
The Cubs respond with quickening pride;
If every man for Britain falls,
Lion and Cubs lie side by side,

Sons of the Race, and they shall fight
As they have always fought before,
To quell the wrong, uphold the right,
And march to victory as of yore.

Forces of evil, ye shall know
The strength and power of British steel;
In vain your envious blood shall flow
To make mankind before you kneel.

The murderous crimes that shock the world
Will be avenged, thy sons have said;
The despotism shall be hurled
And buried where it raised its head.

God of the Nations! May Thy hand
Strengthen the race that always fights
To guard and save the weaker land,
For freedom, justice, equal rights.

The Prince of Peace! Ah, when He comes
Thy growing greatness since His birth
Shall soon forget the beat of drums,
And serve the Master's reign on earth.

THE FALLEN HERO

He slumbers now in foreign soil,
The crimson war-flowers guard his grave;
We reap the harvest of his toil,
Which marks the freeman from the slave.

He gave his life—was proud to go,
To guard the right of Freedom's cause,
To crush to earth the foulest foe
That ever struck at human laws.

We love him more—the web of time
Spins out across the silver sea,
And links to us a thought sublime—
The worship of his memory.

There let him rest; his work is done,
His life-blood drenched the fiery plains.
Who knows the Victory he has won,
Till tyrants fall and Justice reigns?

ALONE

THERE is no joy because I see thee not,
Even the sun, so bright, seems dim and drear,
And loneliness can only be my lot
With you not here.

Why can I not forget? And must I still
Go groping through the long and tiresome day,
The flowers do bloom, but yet they cannot thrill
My lonely way.

The birds still sing, but on my ear it falls
Like music dead—And dead this heart of mine,
There is a spirit that my memory calls—
It must be thine.

Oh! but to see—to hear thee as of yore,
Heaven could not a brighter picture send:
If I have loved thee, I will love thee more
Unto the end.

HOPE

Swiftly the moon descends behind yon fleecy cloud,
And o'er the sky I cast my eye,
And mourn the moonlight gone;
While from my saddened soul, a voice of anguish loud
Pierces my heart like archer's dart,
Calling for Lovelight's dawn.

But now the clouds have passed, and Lo! from silvery
skies
Descends the light, dispels the night,
O'er mountain, sea, and plain;
So, on some future day, my fair one's azure eyes,
Will shed their light o'er my dark night,
Then Love and I shall reign.

GOOD-BYE

I FEEL good-bye;
But yet I fear
A wandering tear
Would fill my eye
Were I to say, "Good-bye."

I think, "Good-bye";
But Oh! the thought
Is dearly bought—
All joys would fly
Were I to say, "Good-bye."

I say, "Good-bye";
Ere you depart
I give my heart;
For it would die
Since I have said, "Good-bye."

A LOVER'S LAMENT

Moan, saddened soul, lie still and moan;
Break, silent heart, yet murmur not:
My only joy, my pride, my very own;
By Love's young dream begot,
Come, Death atone.

Oh cruel World! Not one faint spark
Of sympathy: Then feed thy fill,
Despair, no light, my heart—my soul, 'tis dark,
How cruel Death loves still
A shining mark!

HAPPINESS

I TRAVELLED the East and I travelled the West,
But the jewel could not be found,
I searched the North and I searched the South,
I circled the world around.
But the elusive gem I could not find,
I could not discover a trace,
So I wearied awhile in black despair,
And carried a hopeless face.

I asked of the old, I asked of the young,
But none could give me a clue,
I asked of the rich, I asked of the poor,
I queried the many and few:
I asked of the high, and low, and the strong,
The weak, and of every caste,
But none could give me the slightest help,
And I sickened of searching at last.

Then I turned to myself and I pondered long,
I said to my soul, "I am bound
To find the most precious of all the gems
That everywhere ought to abound:"
And to make no mistake, I made careful search,
For I vowed I never would part
With the God-given jewel when once it was mine—
'Twas found in my own happy heart.

TO-DAY

O World! Give me your smile to-day,
Give me your sunniest one,
To-morrow may not do;
Hearts cannot thrive on darksome days,
So let the smiling sun
Come shining brightly through.

Why wait until the final call?
Give me your flowers now
Their beauty to enjoy;
Teach me O World, in thine own way
To seize the gold, and how
To discard the alloy.

Kindness and Love—those two are twins,
And so are envy and hate—
Let me adopt the first;
Give me to-day the best of life,
Weary I grow to wait—
I do not want the worst.

O World! To-day, now is the time,
So many wait in vain,
To-morrow's far away;
If you have Love and Kindness now,
And I have any claim,
Remember me to-day.

LOVE'S PLEDGE

When roses fail to bloom in June,
And daisies lift their snow-white head;
When months shall pass without a moon,
And all the forest trees are dead:
When Nature brings these things to pass,
Then will I cease to love thee, lass.
And not till then.

When Sun and Stars refuse to shine,
And stalwart years decline to roll;
When Time is but a vanished line,
And Death forgets to take its toll:
When Nature brings these things to pass,
Then will I cease to love thee, lass,
And not till then.

LOVE DIVINE

O Love divine, we sing no sweeter song,
  Than that which keeps the ethereal spark aflame;
Can Youth rejoice without an impulse strong?
  Or Age forget the mysteries of a name?

When wealth may pamper us a little while,
  And in a moment be forever gone;
Shall such a fickle god our hearts defile,
  Or smirch our fancy as he leads us on?

When fame with golden promise holds us fast,
  And flaunts his glittering bauble to entice,
But leaves us only a regretful past,
  What then, but Love shall nurse our sacrifice?

Health may be ours to-day, and all it means,
  Pleasures of life, the spirits of a king,
But pain may come and change the rapturous scenes,
  And only Love can conquer everything.

O Love divine, the one sole star that stays
  Even unto the end, and far beyond;
Let poets sing of thee their loveliest lays,
  That hearts of Youth and Age may both respond.

MOTHER

No voice, no heart, no love like thine,
I kneel before thy angel face,
That noble brow, that aged grace,
Those lovelit eyes, that soothing hand—
Sweet Soul, to thee let me incline
And clasp thy loving heart with mine.
A mother's love is but a band
That binds us e'er to purer life—
A haven in the storm and strife—
A sailing towards the other shore
That guards the eternal happy land.
O Mother, may thy purest love
Guide my weak steps from Earth, above
To brighter realms for evermore.

TO A STREET URCHIN

O LITTLE feet, that distance mocks
And scoffs at weariness to-day;
O little tongue that ever talks
Like some sweet babbling brook at play;
I wonder what the future holds
In store for thee. Could I but see
I would draw back the mystic folds
And view thy fate that is to be.

What mother's love is pictured there,
In that round chubby face I greet?
What father guards thee with a prayer,
Or is thy home the open street?
What destiny shall make or mar
The trail perchance you have to take?
What unseen hand shall reach from far,
To keep the best of life awake?

O, little eyes, that look in mine,
The road is rough, the hills are steep;
But truth and courage can be thine,
And great men rise while sluggards sleep.
Whatever manhood's lot may be—
A thorny path, or flowery bed—
I hold my helping hand to thee,
And love thy little tousled head.

WHISPERING

Gently flying, softly sighing,
Weary, wandering, mystic breeze,
Whispering with thy tenderest accents
To the velvet foliaged trees!
Tell me all thy secret message?
What is there to give them joy?
Why they ripple with such laughter
And their dreariness destroy?

Sweetly resting, slyly nestling,
Sparkling, tiny dewdrop fair,
Whispering with thy moistest language
To the little violet there!
Tell me all that thou art saying?
What is there to make it smile?
Why that look of gladdest welcome
When ye linger there awhile?

Coyly cooing, brightly wooing,
Fairy, fluttering, little bird,
Whispering to thy mate beside thee
Such entrancing wavering word!
Tell me why thy whisper brightens?
Why thy favored one is blest?
Why the softened note thou pourest
Unto her, seems sweetest rest?

Heart expressing, soul caressing,
Tender, loving voice of thine,
Whispering in mine ear such comfort,
Strengthening, soothing words divine!
Now I know why trees do ripple,
Why the violet's smile doth grow;
Why the fairy bird looks brighter
When its mate is whispering low.

ECHOES FROM THE DEAD

THE day was hastening to a glorious close;
The western sky was like a sea of light;
From which a thousand brilliant hues arose
To gild the clouds and then retire from sight.

Before the glory of departing day
Had passed away, the moon in splendor full
Rose o'er the eastern hill, and on her way,
Pictured the wandering clouds as fleecy wool.

I gazed once more upon the wondrous scene;
The East, all pure with the approach of night;
The West, all rich and warm with golden sheen,
That faded, as it followed daylight's flight.

Then turning, sauntered on my weary way;
Adown the hill and through the forest shade,
Thinking of her who on the coming day
Would welcome me again to Glen-Grenade.

The stillness grew oppressive, and the night,
So damp and chilly with the fall of dew,
Drew my weak steps unto a farm-house light,
Which as I gained the hill, came into view.

Large was the structure, and in former days,
The palace of a haughty, titled race;
Whose careless, vicious, and expensive ways
Drove them at last dishonoured from the place.

Long had I rapped upon the oaken door,
Before a woman came and bid me in;
Haggard and old she stumbled o'er the floor—
In former days more graceful might have been.

Seated beside the grate I soon was warm,
And wearied by my walk I gave behest,
Unto mine aged friend in thinlike form
To lead me to a room where I might rest.

She showed me up a stairway to a room
Where, in one corner stood an antique bed;
Then left me there in darkest, ghostly gloom,
Which sent a tremor through my heart and head.

Without undressing, quickly I lay down,
But thoughts and scenes dispelled the god of sleep;
I was not frightened, yet some spirit bound
Me to such intense feelings, full and deep.

I rose and walked to where the window-blind
Shut out the creeping streams of moonlight bright;
And pulling it aside to calm my mind,
Looked out upon the frosty, tranquil night.

How still the night! no breeze, no sound, no cloud;
The earth was wrapped in dreamy, sleepy peace,
The moon's calm light hung round her like a shroud,
Which seemed to bid all wakeful sound to cease.

How long I stood thus gazing o'er the earth,
I scarcely know, for things long past came near,
And filled my heart with dark despair or mirth,
Just as to memory they were dark or dear.

And dreaming thus I started at a sound,
As some one breathing near my very ear;
And with a thrill of terror turned around,
But nothing met my gaze to make me fear.

I soon forgot, and in a moment ran
Into my former train of thought—when hark!
That same low breathing startled me again—
Can it be fear, or fancy of the dark?

I listened till I cast aside all doubt,
And filled with fear I slowly turned my head
To see a human form, but all about
Was nothing but the moonbeams and the bed.

Alas! What spirit lurks about the place?
I turned and felt again that quiet breath
Now driven near, and now against my face—
Can it be fear or bold approaching death?

The blood gushed to my heart, and with a bound
I sprang across the room upon the bed,
And trembling lay there; but no sight, nor sound
My heart was stilled, and eased my whirling head.

Quite calm and brave I slowly rose once more,
And softly stole again across the room:
Ye gods! what following footsteps on the floor?
What spirit passed me in the moon-pierced gloom?

A spirit figure slowly passed me by,
And whether I had only heard or seen
I cannot tell; but with it one soft sigh—
I knew the voice—I cried aloud, "Helene!"

"Helene!" I cried, "Helene! do come to me,
If it be thou, do come beloved one:"
But silence followed; and I gazed to see
Some shape of human form; but there was none.

My eyes were fixed; then all at once I rose—
The shadows moving like a coming storm,
Whose brighter spaces soon began to close
And take the outline of a fairy form.

Great drops of sweat rolled down each burning cheek,
As growing more distinct I saw the face
Of her, my own Helene, I could not speak
Nor move within the spirit haunted place.

I saw her graceful form approach mine own;
The languid eyes grew brighter with their love;
"Romaine," she sweetly said, "thou still must roam
But one year more, then come with me above."

She smiled, and then her form as spirit fled
And lost itself within the shadowy gloom—
"But one year more—" I knew Helene was dead,
And I was soon to meet my welcome doom.

I paced the floor until the morning sun
Broke from the east with splendor-giving ray,
And when the summer morning mists were done,
I started on my journey for the day.

Short was the lifeless tramp of that dull day;
And so I wandered carelessly along,
Till Glen-Grenade appeared upon the way,
And in the village street a moving throng.

I watched the solemn tread of human feet,
I saw them moving towards the churchyard green;
And there in clusters, men and women meet
To watch and wait for something to be seen.

I nearer drew, and suddenly the hum
Of saddened voices broke upon my ear;
And then the church bell tolled—Ah, Yes! they come,
The slow procession and their dead appear.

I understood it all—I staggered near,
With bursting heart I fell upon the ground,
And watched the last remains now disappear,
Of all I loved upon this mortal round.

"Farewell, my friends, farewell," But one short year:
I watched the leaves of last October fall,
And when they fall again, frost-touched, and sere,
Romaine shall sleep beneath their natural pall.

SAILOR THOUGHTS

Some one will think of me
  When I am far away
On the open sea,
  When the great waves roll and play
Upon the beach,
And the sea-bird's screech
Sets all the breakers free.

Some one will watch and pray
  For the unfurled sail to creep
To the sleepy bay;
  And a loving heart will weep,
As sunset's sun,
Or morn begun,
Brings no returning day.

Some one will welcome home
  This weather-beaten ship
From the salt sea foam;
  And breathe with earnest lip
A heart's request—
Nay! Love's behest—
"No more the waves to roam."

THE RECOMPENSE

A SPECK far out at sea
To homeward drifts:
The sky laughs merrily
Through broken rifts:
The dawn breaks clear and bright
From darkest night.

Earth's greatest sorrow brings
Its joy at last:
Hope, wide the gateway swings
When youth has passed:
And Faith is never late
To those who wait.

Deeds must with due accord
Exact their toll:
Life brings its own reward
As cycles roll:
And over all, above,
A Master's love.

WHEN THE STORM ABATES

I PACED one eve on ocean's sombre shore,
A storm was raging on the mighty sea,
The wild white waves, heave high with angry roar
Far up the beach; how many souls will be
Sleeping in death, discarded by the fates,
When the storm abates?

The morning breaks so calm, and cool, and fair,
For in the east a bank of rubies lie,
The stranded wrecks lay scattered here and there,
The lost ones dashed upon the rocks hard by;
And always such a ghastly scene awaits,
When the storm abates.

The storm of life is fast upon the earth,
The clouds of sorrow darken all the sky,
Trial and temptation almost from our birth,
Deluged in waves of sin, wild, heaving high,
Oh! many a soul is lost, God's word relates,
When the storm abates.

Father, the storm of life is raging fierce,
Around me rush the foaming billows fast,
O grant, that Heaven's precious Son may pierce
The darksome clouds of life, and I, at last,
May rest secure, within the pearly gates,
When the storm abates.

THE THREE GUESTS

THREE maidens passed by the sick man's door,
By the sick man's door where he moaning lay;
No friend within, no friend without,
No welcome tread o'er the dull dark floor,
No soothing vials the pain to stay,
Nor burning fever rout.

The two sat down on the mound to rest,
On a mound to rest while the one returned
To the sick man's door by the scorching sod.
"My name is Faith," said the maiden guest;
"I come to say,—Let your heart be turned
To a firmer faith in God."

Then Faith departs and another went,
Another went at the sick man's wail—
"My name is Hope," said the second guest;
"I come to say,—Let your mind be bent
On a brighter hope which cannot fail,
To bring you health and rest."

Then Hope returned and the third one went,
The third one went to the sick's recline;
She cheered the room of pain and grief,
While over the restless soul she bent
With soothing hand and anodyne,
Which brought him rich relief.

The sick man rose and crossed the lea,
And crossed the lea to a shady tree;
His thought were bent on the maidens three—
Faith, Hope and gentle Charity;
"These three have ministered unto me,
But greatest of all is Charity."

THERE IS A GOD

I WATCHED the stars of the starry sky,
As they twinkled their light to earth;
The countless myriads fixed on high,
Since the great Creation's birth—
All seeming to say as they brightly nod,
"There is a God."

I watched the seasons come and go,
With their slow, majestic tread;
Nor once they failed to slowly grow
As the former one had fled—
All seeming to say as they passing plod,
"There is a God."

I watched the sun in his stately course,
As he rose from day to day;
And circled o'er with fiery force,
To Sunset's golden bay—
He seemed to say as the path he trod,
"There is a God."

I watched my soul as it restless grew,
Nor knew the reason why;
Till it sought for peace and a life anew,
From a power beyond the sky—
I said as I passed from under the rod,
"There is a God."

"THEY PRESENTED UNTO HIM GIFTS"

WAR is asleep, and Peace is now supreme,
He still is victor over all the earth
And Saviour of mankind.
The Cradle—just a common cattle stall,
But yet the Star—the Oriental Star,
That piloted the wise men from the East
Shone brightly over where the Infant slept,
As if refulgent glories from above
Reflected all their brightness on its face
To celebrate His birth.

The wise men came and saw Him sleeping there,
With that Great Mother watching o'er His bed,
His lowly bed—and unto Him they brought
Their choicest gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
The Cross—the instrument on which he gave
His precious life to wash away the sins
Of all the human race, is yet the mark
That bears to us His never-faltering love.
His faultless kindly life, His deeds divine,
His cheering words, His humble, contrite heart,
His Godly teachings and His human soul
Were ended thus.
The Crown—enthroned He sits in glory there,
The Lord and Master over all His foes;
But ready to forget, and to forgive
All those that follow Him.

. . . . .

How like His faithful followers are to Him!
The "cradle" first—perhaps a lowly birth;
And then of life the struggles and the trials,
And then perchance the "cross"—and then the "crown."

SIGNS OF SPRING

THE sap is runnin' from the tree,
The crow is cawin' loud,
The sky is dancin' bright and blue
And scatterin' every cloud;
The bumble bees are buzzin' round,
The air is like a dream;
We'll soon be catchin' catfish
From the old mill-stream.

The blackbird's pourin' forth his song,
The frog is croakin' gay,
The robin flies from tree to tree
And pipes his merry lay;
The speckled hen is cacklin' loud,
The sun sets pink and cream;
We'll soon be catchin' catfish
From the old mill-stream.

The grass is springin' fresh and green,
The tree-buds shootin' out,
The blue-bells and the daisies
Are poppin' all about;
The brook is tumblin' o'er the rocks,
Its spray a silvery gleam;
We're pullin' out the catfish
From the old mill-stream.

SMILING SPRING

O! THE icy king is dying,
His fading form is lying
At vernal door, and sighing
His farewell,
Spring's echo is resounding,
The sunbeams all are bounding
About the earth and sounding
His death knell.

The smiling spring is coming.
The bees will soon be humming
The blue-bird slyly drumming
O! so sweet;
The rills will soon be flowing,
The magic zephyrs blowing,
The grass be sweetly growing
'Neath our feet.

The April showers tapping,
Will soon be gently slapping
The sleepy flowers for napping
In their bed;
The sun will soon be bringing
The fragrant clover springing,
A reddish cap for flinging
On its head.

The leaves that now are peeping,
Will soon be shyly creeping
O'er the tree and snugly sleeping
In the sun;
The birds will soon be singing,
Through the balmy breezes winging,
And softest music bringing
Every one.

O Welcome! Spring returning,
For thee we've long been yearning,
Our eyes to beauties turning
Every day;
Then hasten thee our meeting
Right royal be our greeting,
For life is softly fleeting
On its way.

THE LURE OF SPRING

When the Sun is winking early
In the gray dawn of the East;
And shines all day in his sleepy way,
His warming rays increased;
When the musk-rat haunts the marshes
All along the silver stream,
And the black-bird's glee, rings out "ch-wee"
A song like a golden dream;
'Tis then the pulse of days long gone
Beats strong in every vein,
For the lure of Spring has a captive ring,
And we are young again.

When the velvet grass is sprinkled
With the dandelion's gold;
And the bumble-bees, 'neath the willow trees,
Are growing very bold;
When the chubs and red-fins gambol
Up and down the old mill race,
And the butterflies and the dreamy skies,
Are smiles on Nature's face;
'Tis then the memories come once more,
But Time should not complain,
For the lure of Spring has a captive ring,
And we are young again.

WILLOW TREES

HERE in the netted shadows of the trees,
The pliant willows on the river's shore,
I cast my hook, and sniff the silent breeze
That softly creeps about my face, before
It skims across the silver painted stream,
And laughingly stirs up the placid face
Of April's water, like a rippled dream
Stretched out afar from this my resting-place.
Far from the tumult of the noisy throng,
The market-place, the busy haunts of men,
I fish, and listen to sweet nature's song,
And marvel at her mysteries again.
This is my throne, to it my gifts I bring—
A throne that's worthy even for a king.

A SPRING REVERIE

THE bumble bees are buzzin' all around the dandelion,
And the blackbirds through the sky blue are here and there a-flyin';
The grass is growin' fresh and green and the lilacs peekin' out,
And the smell of Spring is in the air and everywhere about;
The crows are sittin' on the fence and loudly cryin', "Caw!"
And seems to me it's fishin' time in the dear old Chippewa.

The sleepy pussy willows are a swayin' in the breeze;
A hundred gladsome song birds are all singin' in the trees;
The bull-frog joins the chorus with his Springtime melody,
And the balmy air is full of light as far as eye can see;
The women-folk are cleanin' house—I hear their loud hurrah;
And seems to me it's fishin' time in the dear old Chippewa.

The sun is shinin' brighter somehow just this time of year,
And maybe that's what brings the maple sugar makin' here.
A thousand golden butterflies are floatin' in the air,
And everybody seems to feel that Life has lost its care;
Let's live once more the boyhood days, the ones without a flaw,
And seems to me they're fishin' days in the dear old Chippewa.

SUMMER

Welcome again thou glorious season,
Quick following Spring's decay,
With breezes light and flowers so bright,
To cheer us on our way.

You spread your beauties all around,
The Earth, the Air, the Seas,
The birds sweet song, it echoes long
Amid the swaying trees.

Oh, gentle zephyrs of the South!
That fan the fragrant flowers,
How light you play throughout the day,
Among the shady bowers.

How grand the fields of golden grain,
Beneath the summer skies,
With waving motion, like rolling ocean,
The tall stalks fall and rise.

We view the sun at summer eve,
The day well nigh passed by;
Its golden light, so wondrous bright,
Illumes the western sky.

Thou richest season of the year,
Thy praise we'll ever sing;
To you we know, much do we owe,
Who all these beauties bring.

SUNSET

Sunset of Summer day,
Bursting with rosy ray,
O'er land and sea;
Hushing the voice of light,
Setting the soul of night
Gloriously free.

Sunset of Life—well spent,
Raising its virtuous tent,
O'er man's abode:
Lulling the soul to rest,
Pointing the spirit blest,
A heavenly road.

JUNE, 1917

SWEET month of roses and of balmy air,
The canopy of blue hangs soft above;
The sunlight haze dispels the thought of care,
All Nature seems akin to peace and love.

The rich green velvet of the fields can win
For weary eyes a quiet restful light;
The gold and crimson sunset ushers in
The tranquil scene of Summer's starry night.

Yes, June has come, and all its beauties spread,
To bring a soothing touch of Heaven near;
But one big, inky cloud hangs o'er my head
And stings my heart—the woe of war is here.

WATCHING THE FALLING SNOW

FALL, magic snow, in great white flakes, and still;
Mantle old Mother Earth in radiant white;
Cover the sweeping plains, the valleys fill,
Crown all the hill-tops with a hazy light,
This winter's night.

Fall, kindly words, in great heart-whispers fall;
Mantle the aching hearts, lest they increase;
Cover the wounded souls, the friendless call,
Crown all the restless with a wreath of peace,
Ere kind words cease.

THE WILD GEESE

Cold is the sky, and drapes of grey
Hang close about the North;
The chill December mists to-day
Are wavering back and forth,
While here and there a snowflake falls,
Caught by the eddying breeze,
That whistles round the cottage walls
And dances through the trees.

Look far above in yon dull sky,
The wild geese wing their flight,
And honk their way as they southward fly,
Nor tarry for the night;
Straight as an arrow finds its way.
Below the snow-clouds fringe,
On to the warmth of Summer day
And southern sunset's tinge.

On to the land of bees and flowers,
Of butterflies and birds,
Of laughing streams and whispering bowers,
Too beautiful for words;
On where the days are rich and long.
The nights like a Summer dream,
Where nature calls with a siren song—
Away in the southern gleam.

What can we do but watch and wait?
Till the snows of Winter flee,
When the pulse of Spring will touch the gate
And set the Summer free?
When the lure of the South will lose its spell,
When nature here is fair,
We'll welcome back from the distant dell
The gipsies of the air.

FISHING TIME

I HEAR the music of the crow
In yonder swinging pine,
The melody is somewhat crude.
But still Spring's welcome sign;
The fat and perky robin sings
From early morn till night;
The blackbird in the willow pours
A song of rare delight;
The perch and bass are calling me
To seek a sunny nook—
I'll take my pipe and fishing-rod
And steal down to the brook.

How sweet the sun is shining now,
Spring's blue is in the air,
The flowers just touch the velvet green,
In clusters here and there;
There's beauty rare in every leaf
That whispers in the breeze,
And something magic in the life
That wakens in the trees
The perch and bass are calling me
To seek a sunny nook—
I'll take my pipe and fishing-rod,
And steal down to the brook.

Let kings still rule their vast domain,
  Let princes flash their wealth,
Give but to me God's golden sun—
  Its gift of tinted health—
The songs of Nature's lovely birds,
  The perfume of the flowers,
The mystic life of sweet Springtime,
  The full and happy hours.
The perch and bass are calling me
  To seek a sunny nook—
I'll take my pipe and fishing-rod,
  And steal down to the brook.

THE DREAMER

I THOUGHT to work so hard to-day,
  But when the Sun smiled bright and strong,
And floated from across the way,
  The oriole's enchanted song—
I had to play.

I looked upon the sleeping stream,
  The mist of morn had kissed its face,
And when I saw the dew-drops gleam
  Throughout the broad sweet-clover space—
I had to dream.

For Heaven' blue is in the skies,
  And Nature's music in the air;
So let me feast mine ears and eyes,
  And play, and dream, and idolize
Earth's paradise.

DREAM DAYS

JUNE days are dream days,
Blue skies all aglow;
Song-birds are crooning mysterious lays,
Romanies come and go.
June days are dream days,
All of the muses know;
Sunbeams are dancing with shimmering rays,
Wherever streamlets flow.

June days are dream days,
Visions of long ago;
Roses are blooming in all sunny ways,
Lovers are whispering low,
June days are dream days,
Memories tell me so;
Spirit of love-time in sweet summer haze,
Wherever roses grow.

OCTOBER IN WAR TIME

THE pumpkin's lookin' yellow,
And the buckwheat's in the shock,
The blackbirds float across the sky,
An hundred in a flock;
The clover fields are turnin' gray,
The trees seem brown and sere,
The summer time is dyin'
And the winter's creepin' near;
Across the sea our soldier boys
Are fightin' brave and bold—
I'm prayin' God will shield them from the cold.

The black squirrel's skippin' round the tree,
And storin' up his food,
The sky is lookin' checkered
And reflects a stormy mood;
The muskrat's buildin' high and dry,
A thick-walled winter nest,
And the sun is droppin' early
'Neath the snowclouds of the west;
And over there our bravest boys
Are winnin' what they'll hold—
I'm prayin' God will shield them from the cold.

The coon is stealin' all the corn
To fill his hollow log,
The wild goose honks across the sky,
Before the frosty fog;
A snowflake's fallin' here and there,
The wind is blowin chill,
And the angry winter's comin'
To frost the plain and hill;
The Pride of Canada is there,
The white sheep of the fold—
I'm prayin' God will shield them from the cold.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND

ANOTHER soul has taken flight,
But tell me, why should we despair?
Gone but from darkness unto light,
Eternal bliss above to share.

Freed from the sorrow and the woe,
Earthly companions of distress;
Subject of brighter realms, aglow
With light, and love, and peaceful rest.

Oh death! thou parent of decay,
We cannot tell the day nor hour
Ye seek a victim, and then lay
Him low, with thy dread mighty power.

Ye come—the life-supporting breath,
Filch from the nostrils of your prey:
Leaving behind upon the earth—Oh death!
Naught save unanimated clay.

"Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust!"
Thus saith He, our glorious God;
And death has not betrayed his trust,
His body lies beneath the sod.

Warning, methinks, to all mankind,
Of what must surely be our fate;
The inevitable hour shall find
Each one, it may be soon or late.

And yet there really is no death;
What we call death, it seems to me
Is but of life, the first drawn breath,
The first glimpse of Eternity.

The soul departs to God who gave,
To join the righteous and the just,
The body seeks the dark, cold grave,
To be transformed again to dust.

Farewell! sleep on that blessed sleep:
No pain again shall raise thy breast,
We mourn thy loss, our grief is deep,
Yet thankful that thou art at rest.

FATHER

Oh, father Dear! My memory serves thee well,
Hovering around thee like some mystic shroud:
Dost thou not feel? Dost thou not ever know
That all my heart goes softly out to thee?
And all these weary days, and months and years,
Thy presence ever comes before me like
Some favored, loving guest, and thee and I
Converse and usher in those bygone scenes
Familiar to us both, and old time joys
Come trooping by, and then methinks that both
Of us are here again, and thou alive
Upon the Earth, and full of sympathy
And Love, one for the other. Oh, sweet dream!
Sleep on, poor weary dust of Earth, sleep on!
Thy ever loving, kindred Spirit now,
Must be my friend, my father and my guide.

MEMORIA IN ÆTERNA

O SILENT souls, sleep on, beyond the sea,
The guns are stilled, the sword-points seem to know
The stream of human blood has ceased to flow—
Angels of peace are filled with ecstacy.

How soft the starlight falls upon your graves
The silent sunlight pours its tenderest ray,
The wandering wind is waiting day by day,
To waft our love for thee across the waves.

Shall peace forever crown your sacrifice?
O mighty earth, the men whose blood was shed—
The martyred millions, army of the dead,
Upon your bosom—have they paid the price?

O world to them eternal tribute pay,
They fought the beast as but a common foe,
Through them a universal peace shall grow,
A league of nations guarding every day.

ONLY

Only one image, bright and fair,
With hazel eyes and dark brown hair,
Only an image! but yet to me
A cherished one 'twill ever be.

Only a voice from a rosy mouth,
Soft as the zephyrs of the south,
Only a voice! yet whispering low,
"Farewell, dear heart, for I must go."

Only a parting; but such is life
In this cruel world of heartless strife,
Only a parting! why was it so?
Death laid my heart's ideal low.

NEW DAWN

In memory of Florence V. Therrien.

No words can breathe the grief we feel,
Nor sighs express the pain we bear;
Before thy memory we kneel,
And lovingly we worship there.

When He designed to call thee first,
We could not doubt His wise decree;
Since Hope beyond has sorrow nursed,
Our souls will linger close to Thee.

The clouds still hover dark and drear,
The night hangs heavy overhead;
We trust the "New Dawn," bright and clear,
Will re-unite us with our dead.

IN MEMORIAM I.

Sweet soul of darling little Nancy—fled,
The loving eyes are closed, the fair face cold,
Her pleasant voice is stilled, we whisper—"dead"
And gaze with pain upon her silent mould.

But God knows best; the little soul has passed
Out of the direful darkness unto light;
Behold those white winged cherubs beckoning fast,
For her to join them near that throne so bright.

Father of Light, sustain those here that mourn,
So dear to them was she that's passed away,
Life seems so hopeless, and the heart forlorn,
Cast off the night and usher in the day.

How can the mind forget, the heart e'er cease
To throb with pain for one who's imaged there?
Only one thought can bring to us its peace,
She's happy now, protected by His care.

Now, what is life? 'Tis like the flaming flower
That blooms in beauty for perhaps a day,
And then there comes, must come, the inevitable hour
To blight, to wither, and to filch away.

And yet there is no death, what we call death
Is not a monster, but God's precious love,
And to the righteous soul the first-drawn breath
Of brighter, purer life in realms above.

Farewell, dear little soul, a sad farewell;
Still thou are happy while we yet must roam,
God grant that near thee we again may dwell
When this poor life is o'er, and we come home.

IN MEMORIAM II.

O death! Thou sparest not the fairest flower,
Thy sweeping tide has crushed the cherished bud;
Not love, nor care, nor anxious watchful hour
Could stay the deluge of the fatal flood.

She's dead—ah, bitter thought that saps the mind!
The gentle, patient, noble girl is dead;
Relentless fate to deepest grief is blind,
The death-star fell, the angel spirit fled.

But still she lives in bliss that naught can mar;
The empty shell lies lonely in the mould:
The pearl, the soul, the all has crossed the bar
And rests in safety now within the fold.

Sweet sleep at last for thy poor aching form;
Sweet rest for thy poor weary soul—sweet rest!
Safe from the lashing waves of sinful storm,
Peacefully pillowed on thy Saviour's breast.

We still behold thee, lovelier still in death!
Hope—cherished hope, abides within our heart:
When we resign this life-sustaining breath,
God grant we meet to never, never part.

Farewell, dear heart! A few short years at best,
The dawn must break when darkness is no more;
We'll greet thee, darling, in the realms of rest,
When our poor race is run, and toil is o'er.

FLORENCE

(In memory of Florence E. Bull.)

GONE are the leaves, hushed by the Winter's blight;
Gone is the sunshine, o'ershadowed by the night;
Closed are the eyes, the curtains of the soul;
Gone is the spirit to the unknown goal.

The loveliest rose is oft-times first to fall,
The sweetest spirit answer Heaven's call;
We cannot rouse the sleeper from her sleep,
Nor question why the reaper wills to reap.

Down by the sea the white waves toss and sigh
Dreary the landscape 'neath the saddened sky;
Sad is my heart, the face we loved to see,
Is but a flower of sacred memory.

KILLED IN ACTION

In memory of Oliver Gordon Dalrymple, who was "killed in action" in France on November 3rd, 1916.

"KILLED IN ACTION!" flashed across
The deep and dark blue sea.
Somewhere in France he fought and fell,
Upholding gloriously
The honor of the dear old flag—
The sacrifice he bore
For the love of British justice,
And the freedom we adore.

"Killed in action!" Oh, the words
Sink deep in every heart;
Beloved by all, a kindly youth—
He played a strong man's part;
And when the call of duty came,
He faced the world-wide strife,
For human liberty, to him
Was dearer far than life.

"Killed in action!" Breathe the words
As softly as you can;
A loved one sleeps beyond the sea—
Disturb not such a man;
But press his memory to your hearts,
And as the years roll by,
Remember him as living, for
A hero cannot die.

JOHN McCRAE

Brave John McCrae, you struck the chord,
A master hand could ill afford
One doleful note; so in our mind
Your words will live, and, living, find
Response in all, with one accord.

You are not dead, by fate's reward
With us you live, revered, adored,
More fondly loved, our hearts entwined,
Brave John McCrae!

With you we fight the craven horde,
From you the sacred torch has soared
On high; it shall not be confined;
We pledge our faith, rest ye resigned,
Break not your sleep, in Him, our Lord,
Brave John McCrae!

LAURIER

No titled name, or shimmering crest,
  Shall mar the love we hold for thee;
Nor knight attire, nor medalled breast
  Shall dull our richest memory:
The greatest tribute we can pay
Is but to call thee "Laurier."

A nation's pride, you sink to rest,
  And history shall record your name,
Re-echoing from among the best,
  Refulgent glories of your fame;
Our greatest eulogy to-day
Is but to call thee "Laurier."

A native son, as long years roll
  Adown the corridor of time,
And great Canadians fill the scroll
  Of full and noble lives sublime,
The fondest word that we can say
Is but to call thee "Laurier."

LOOK BEFORE YOU JUMP

I AIN'T much up in science,
Know but little about art;
Or any of this book-learnin'
That ye've got to git by heart;
But experience is sheltered
In this little memory bump,
And you'd better see your lightin' place
Before you make a jump.

I notice that in bisness,
And what I see I know,
That when one man's a rushin'
And another goin' slow;
The man that fills his coffer,
With the biggest golden lump,
Is the one who sees his lightin'-place
Before he makes a jump.

I've noticed that in doctorin',
The law profession too,
And to make success of either,
'Ain't no easy thing to do:
But you'll find the men adornin'
The pinnacle of the stump,
Who've noted well their lightin'-place,
Before they made a jump.

I reckon this old world would see
Less misery and woe,
The ills of life made lighter
If folks did only know
That the slickest way in life to play,
Their all-dependin' trump,
Is to study well their lightin'-place
Before they make a jump.

DREAMLAND

DREAMLAND is a happy place,
Refuge for the human race;
Harbor, port, and haven fair,
Rest for weary wanderer there.

Dreamland is a fairy bower,
With a never-failing power;
Peace for all that seek its shade,
Sleep's admission always paid.

Dreamland is a silent spot,
Noise and bustle enter not;
For the soul a calm retreat,
Always guarding slumber sweet.

Dreamland is a spacious hall
Enter at the Nodder's call;
Free from every trial and care;
Trouble finds no welcome there.

Dreamland—when the storm was rife,
Beating all about your life—
Threw around you Slumber's cloak,
Sunshine, when the morning broke.

PASSING AWAY

Passing away, like the mist of the morning,
Fading away like the flowers of the spring,
Leaving with scarely a shadow of warning,
Quitting the round where the multitudes cling.

Passing away to the unknown regions,
Ne'er to return to the land of their birth,
Year after year innumerable legions,
Flitting away from the people of earth.

Passing away from the joy, and the sorrow,
Crossing the valley, the shadow of Death:
Fleeing away, to-day and to-morrow,
Chasing the flight-taken phantom of breath.

Passing away, the high, and the lowly,
The rich, and the poor, the weak and the strong:
The young, and the old, are all of them slowly
Joining the ranks of the passed away throng.

Passing away—soon I may be going,
Drifting at present on Life's stormy sea:
Trusting my Pilot, thus hopefully knowing
The Haven of Rest has a shelter for me.

FUTURUS

Look to the future, brother, look and smile,
The past is dead, let us bury it deep;
Look to the future, bright stars gleam the while,
Dead is the past, let the dead past sleep.

On to the future, brother, the glory is yet,
Dark roads behind us, light ones ahead;
On to the future, let the pessimists fret,
The future is ours, but the past is dead.

Cling to the future, brother, optimist bright.
Hope is beyond us, not in the past;
Cling to the future, valiant in the fight,
God's at the end of the trail at last.

MY CREED

I own no creed save that which teaches me
To lift the better part of man aloft;
And sink the worst beneath oblivion's sea,
Before the merry scorners may have scoffed;
To reach my hand to him who needs my aid,
Or smooth the rugged road he has to tread,
To cure the heartache sorrow may have made,
Or soothe the grief that bends his throbbing head.

I own no creed save that which teaches me
That love is king of all the Universe;
That hate is like the angry surging sea
And envy still a greater human curse;
That as his heart is, so shall be the man,
For brotherhood is love unknown to fame,
And he that loves not man as best he can
Is most unworthy follower of His name.

This is my creed, and this my creed alone,
With faith shall face the Master's judgment throne.

VAULTED GOLD

Down through the vistas of the flown years
Are memories like a miser's vaulted gold,
Hoarded with care, and watched with anxious fears—
Savings of Time, that speak of wealth untold.
Whatever Fate may have in store for me,
No matter what the mystic Future brings,
My wealth invested thus in memory
Is surer than the opulence of kings.
The mental pictures that I love the most,
I count them o'er and guard with Midas care;
To me they are an entertaining host,
And messages of rarest pleasure bear.
Thus am I rich, though penury may see,
My coffers empty to eternity.

THE SUNBEAM

The sunbeam paused in its wavy flight,
As a stately mansion rose in sight;
Then over the roseate lawn it swept,
And through the window slyly crept
Into a room where luxury's gleam
Betokened wealth and art supreme.

It lay and watched with eager stare
The faces of the inmates there;
Each visage seemed to show the strife
That robbed the hearts of a happy life;
And on each face the scowl behests
That peace and love be stranger guests.

Slowly it crept, as if by stealth,
Out of the spacious shrine of wealth;
Then over the fields it took its flight
To a little cottage robed in white;
Under the clustering ivy's roll,
And through the little window stole.

Oh! what a change! No sparkling sea
Of splendor, wealth or luxury;
But faces beam and voices ring
With earthly joy wealth cannot bring;
And into the heart of each, enshrined,
The image of peace and love combined.

Then out of the home the sunbeam sped,
And over the world it softly fled;
Singing to all it chanced to meet,
With anxious voice, yet clear and sweet—
"Better a cot with a peaceful life,
Than a stately mansion filled with strife."

THOSE WHO KNOW US BEST

The world may publish all our faults,
And magnify the same,
May gloat o'er all our failures,
And vilify our name;
While any virtue we may have
Will prove a stranger guest,
Except to those few golden hearts,
Who seem to know us best.

How sad is all the worldly strife,
When fame and honor clash;
When purest principles are made
Subservient to cash:
And what a struggle life would be
By evil tongues possessed,
Were it not for a few true friends
Who seem to know us best.

When all the ups and downs of life
Are histories of the past,
And we are called before the Bar
Of that Great Judge at last,
There may appear to vouch for us,
And plead for Heaven's rest,
A few of those time-honored friends
Who seem to know us best.

THERE'S GOLD IN EVERY SOUL

THERE'S gold in every soul, could we but see—
The rough exterior may blind our eyes,
But deep down in the heart there's sure to be
Some hidden virtue that the world will prize.

There's gold in every soul, could we but hear—
Misunderstood by us the voice was heard,
And could the mind but reach our erring ear,
A kindly thought would gleam in every word.

There's gold in every soul, could we but feel—
The clasp of hand we pass it lightly by,
But touch the spirit, and it would reveal
A thrill of sympathy for every sigh.

There's gold in every soul, could we but know—
We may be searching for the faults alone,
And, drawing closer as through life we go,
Perhaps the virtues might outshine our own.

There's gold in every soul, did we but act
As though all mortals were as good as we;
A band of love would circle then intact,
From Earth to Heaven—could our blind eyes see.

FOOTSTEPS FALLING

Far in the night I sit and idly dream,
Of happy days gone by and former friends,
Yet I would scarcely call them back, nor seem
To feel a shadow of regret. But hark!
The wind goes tearing by, the night grows dark,
The music of the past is nigh, and bends
My soul to hear them calling, calling,
And their footsteps falling.

The old clock strikes again, but yet my mind
Is soaring far away, the favoured guest
Of other years; and magic flowers I find,
Of memories bright flung round me in the past,
Weaving a flowery band that binds me fast
To those dear friends of yore to me the best.
I seem to hear them calling, calling,
And their footsteps falling.

The embers fade within the grate, the night
Grows darker still, and yet I gently rock,
Nor seem to tire in bringing to my sight
Those faces dear of other day; their smiles,
Their tears, their joys, and their endearing wiles,
Are golden keys which seem to fast unlock
My heart. I hear them calling, calling,
And their footsteps falling.

The room grows chill, the silent coals lie dead,
And dead those former friends, their spirits chime
Still unto me their old time love; my head
Bows lower as I feel their breath.
Ah! soon my life star wanes and rigid death
Shall close my weary eyes, yet till that time
I'll ever hear them calling, calling,
And their footsteps falling.

OLD-TIME MEMORIES

As time flies by my mind goes back
To scenes of boyhood days,
The games we played, the songs we sang,
The joy of childish ways;
The shows that struck the little town
That nestled by the stream,
The squirrels we chased, the fish we caught,
Are memories like a dream;
But the dearest old-time picture
No matter where I rove
Is mother baking buckwheat cakes
On the old black kitchen stove.

The boys who played beside the brook
Some made their mark in life,
And some have crossed to spirit-land
Beyond all earthly strife.
The little sweetheart that I loved
In memory still is dear,—
The old school house is yet a charm
More precious year by year;
But the dearest old time picture
No matter where I rove
Is mother baking buckwheat cakes
On the old black kitchen stove.

The years roll by and one by one
They leave their mark on me,
The hair a little whiter grows,
The step not quite so free;
But still my heart is just as young
As many years ago,
Fond memories of childhood days
Will help to keep it so;
And the dearest old time picture
No matter where I rove
Is mother baking buckwheat cakes
On the old black kitchen stove.

IN THE OLD RED CLOVER FIELD DOWN ON THE FARM

We wandered down the lane,
Where the wild-rose bloomed again,
Down where the clover field was all aglow;
Where the tiny streamlet run,
As it sparkled in the sun,—
It was there you said the "Call" had come to go.

Chorus:
I bid you farewell dear,
In that famous first war-year,
When the bugle call was sounding the alarm;
I am waiting for you still,
By the little silver rill,
In the old red-clover field down on the farm.

The years have passed away,
The wild-rose blooms to-day,
You are sleeping dear beyond the silver sea;
A little wooden cross,
Is all that marks your loss,
But I am yours through all eternity.

MEMORIES OF HOME

I WANT to go back home once more
To see the dear old farm;
The clash of noisy battle has
Not dimmed a single charm;
An angel mother's waiting for
Her soldier boys return,
And in my mind a thousand bright
And hallowed memories burn.

I see the vine-clad bungalow
That crowns the velvet hill,
The verdant, undulating fields
That skirt the silver rill;
The rich Canadian maple trees
That fringe the open lawn,
The sunshine of the eastern sky,
That follows early dawn.

The roses hang in clusters by
The rustic garden wall,
And underneath the hawthorne bush,
The whitest petals fall.
The rolling fields of wheat and oats
Lie near the waving rye,
The sweetest clover landscape
Meets and fascinates the eye.

I want to see my dear old Dad,
I know he dreams of me;
And Mother's arms are reaching out
Across the stricken sea;
And over there I think I see—
With lovelight in her eyes,
The dearest girl in all the world,
Whose memory I prize.

Oh, let me go back home once more,
And then I will return,
Plunge deep into the fighting line,
And every danger spurn;
Let me but get just one more glimpse,
Draw one more farm-home breath,
And I will fight ten thousand foes,—
Sweet Liberty or Death.

SKATING ON THE OLD MILL POND

Back to the years of long ago,
The luring ice, the flake of snow,
The mystic night, the frosty light,
The shadowy moonbeams stealthy flight;
Oh sport of sports! So wildly fond
Of skating on the old mill pond.

Back to the youth of long ago,
Faces of roses all aglow,
The joyous stride, the silvery slide,
The glassy ice, the gentle glide,
Oh smile of smiles! With thoughts so fond
Of skating on the old mill pond.

Back to the faces of long ago,
Many are gone, but sweet to know
The features cling, the voices ring,
The old-time friends such comforts bring,
Oh joy of joys! such memories fond
Of skating on the old mill pond.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

I HAVE oft heard say that life's a game,
You play it fast or slow,
Some settle down in the old home town,
Some wander to and fro;
From East to West, from West to East,
In search of fame or wealth,
From North to South, from South to North,
For honor, lands or health;
But did you ever stop to think,
As they travel up and down,
How many wander back to die
In the glorious old home town?

I have watched the tramp and the millionaire,
Each run their mad career,
Their life is spent, they seem content
To drift from year to year;
The tramp may stroll around the world,
A wag in every clime;
The millionaire may travel
In splendor all the time;
But when Old Father Time begins
To draw the curtain down,
They always wander back to die
In the glorious old home town.

The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
They struggle here and there,
Where'er they roam they call it home,
And never seem to care;
They plunge through life and try to win
The prize they have in view,
And be it land, or gold, or fame,
They strive to stagger through;
But when the race is nearly run,
To watch life's sun go down,
They fain would wander back to die
In the glorious old home town.

A FABLE IN RHYME

One sunny morn in autumn,
Near a village quaint and old.
Will answer as the opening lines
My story to unfold.

A farmer—grim and old was he—
Who in his usual way
Was walking out that he might breathe
The purest air of day.

On passing by his orchard,
Where hung in every tree
The luscious fruit—in one of them
An urchin did he see.

The farmer kindly spoke to him,
And told him to begone;
The urchin paid but little heed
And with his theft went on.

So picking up some tufts of grass,
As means in his behalf,
The old man threw them at the lad,
Which only made him laugh.

Well! Well! thought he, if tufts of grass
Will not protect my own,
You soon shall know, my little rogue,
The virtue in a stone.

Close by his side upon some stones
His eye he quickly cast,
Then picked them up and at the lad
He hurled them thick and fast.

This quickly made the lad descend,
And as was surely need,
Down on his knees he humbly asked
Forgiveness of the deed.

. . . . .

If gentle means will not reclaim
The wicked one, I fear
They must be dealt with in a way
More cruel and severe.

MAKIN' MAPLE SUGAR

MAKIN' maple sugar! Oh, say, it gives me joy,
To think of makin' sugar when I was but a boy:
The crow is cawin' loud again, the sun is gettin' hot,
Now git the fire a-roarin' beneath the old iron pot,
The sap'll be a-runnin' from the tree like all git out,
So git a hustle on you and mind what you're about.
Makin' maple sugar! but ain't it fun, you know,
To git old Buck and Bright a'wadin' through the snow,
From tree to tree a-wallerin' to gather up the sap,
To pour in that big bucket so queerly made by pap,
That seems to sit there on the sleigh, a-waitin' for the sweet—
Now git around there lively, John, Henry and Pete.

Makin' maple sugar! away back in the wood,
To think of it to-day, my boys, it does my old heart good;
How we'd git the sap a-simmerin' and bilin' o'er the heat,
And when 'twas bilin' over we'd apply a little meat,
Fat and greasy don't you know, to make 'er go just right,
For we meant to have it sugar afore the fall of night.

Makin' maple sugar! of all the lastin' joys,
A-sugarin' off was jist the one that always caught the boys;
Sometimes we'd hook a little in an old tin cup we had—
We were great for havin' fun you know, but yet we weren't bad—
Then with a little paddle, we'd whittled with our knife,
We'd stir it till 'twas sugar, now you can bet your life.

Makin' maple sugar! 'twas always fun for me—
A-sailing down life's river, I always want to be
As lively and good-natured, and not a whit less good
Than when makin' maple sugar away back in the wood—
And as long as I'm a-livin' may I ever life enjoy,
As when makin' maple sugar when I was but a boy.

SING ME THE OLD SONGS

SING me the songs of the olden days,
The songs that touched my heart;
The modern songs have wayward ways
From old ones far apart;
So give to me the old-time line,
A picture in every word,
And a melody as rich and fine
As the warble of a bird.

The dear old songs that breathe of love,
Of silver streams and flowers,
The clover fields with the sun above,
The golden sunset hours;
The silver moon and fleecy sky.
The scenes that touch my soul,
That soothe the mind as the hours fly
On to the homeward goal.

The hours have drifted down the stream
Of time,—but never back;
Some friends are but a vanished dream,
Some far adown the track;
The sweet old melodies return
And bring once more to me,
The hours and friends for whom I yearn
In fondest memory.

Then sing to me the old-time songs,
The dear old songs of yore,
For there is where the power belongs
To open every door
To every heart that knows their ring,
Their music and their worth,—
The songs our mothers used to sing,
The dearest songs on earth.

THANKSGIVING MORN

Let all our voices ring with praise
To Him from whom all blessings flow.
Join in with harp, and may all strains
In one Thanksgiving chorus grow.

Give thanks for sunshine's azure sky
Scarce e'er destroyed by storm king's blast;
For memories dear, whose golden chain
Links present firmly to the past.

Give thanks for all the bounteous wealth
Of harvest gathered o'er the world:
For Peace within our native land,
And Freedom's ensign still unfurled.

Give thanks for wealth, for health, for life,
For every blessing, great or small.
Praise Him in thought, in word, in deed;
The precious fountain of them all.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER, 1916

How long, O Lord! how long? I see the red blood
flow,
I hear the Rachels weeping for the hero sons laid low;
I hear the widows sigh, I hear the orphans call,
May peace soon be declared, Jehovah! Lord of All.

How long, O Lord! how long? I see the fields laid
waste,
I see the refugees in their starving, fleeing haste;
I hear the wounded groan, I see the prison wall,
Soon may the peace arrive, Jehovah! Lord of All.

How long, O Lord, how long? I see the wasted
wealth,
I hear the cripples craving for the golden god of
health;
I see the wrath of war, I hear the curses fall,
Unfurl the flag of peace, Jehovah! Lord of All.

How long, O Lord! how long? Till the weary war has
passed,
Let the lust of conquest die, let the world peace come
at last;
Let the brotherhood of man all nations soon befall,
Let peace forever reign, Jehovah! Lord of All.

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR

FAREWELL, old year, a long farewell,
In dark oblivion thou shalt dwell:
Sweet memories rush upon my brain
Of thee, and in their lengthened train
Joyous and pleasant scenes I see
Of undisturbed felicity.
I turn them o'er and then appears
The trials that brought the unshed tears;
Despair and weary thoughts awake
That once did make this poor heart ache:
Memories of joy and peace I find
Thus blended, rushing through my mind;
But all is past—Farewell, good cheer:
Ne'er to return, farewell, old year.

But stay! Farewell to pain of mind:
Leave then thy joy and peace behind.
Take envy, strife, deceit with thee,
And leave good will and truth to me.
Draw in thy train revengeful thought,
And leave forgiveness for my lot.
Lead in thy hand away, disgrace;
Leave lasting honor in its place.
Take war, nor let it come again,
Leave peace to every country, then.
Take slavery with thee from the world,
Leave Freedom's glorious flag unfurled;
And now, away with all the base;
Farewell!—Leave good to all our race.

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